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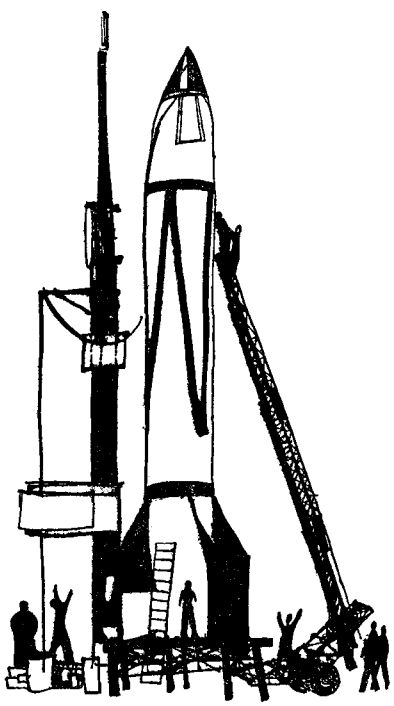

Intercontinental Missiles

THE RACE TO DESTRUCTION

by Edward A. Conway

Bread, Cheese and Freedom

LAST DAYS AT DACHAU

by Thomas Molnar

Carol Johnson John Cogley

Robert Ross Richard Hayes Philip T. Hartung

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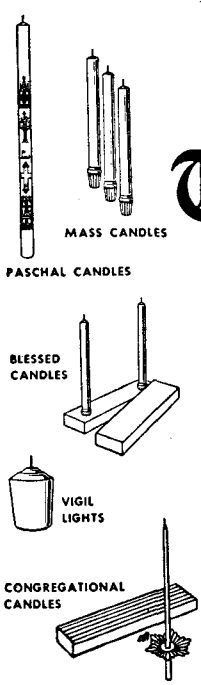

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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
PHILIP SCHARPER

Contributing Editors
JOHN C. CORT
ANNE FREMANTLE
PHILIP T. HARTUNG
RICHARD HAYES

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

SHAPE OF THE FUTURE

AMERICANS went to bed one night during the Presidential campaign in a relatively calm world, disturbed by few things more serious than the charges and countercharges of rival candidates. They woke to a world in which a revolution was taking place.

In the space of a few days, the pattern of Soviet domination in Eastern and Central Europe had been drastically challenged. No matter what happens in Poland and Hungary in the weeks ahead, no matter what force the Soviet may be able to employ, life in the satellites will never be the same again. Never again can the masters of the Kremlin go to their beds quite secure, for the Poles and the Hungarians have done the impossible. They have faced the Soviet tanks naked except for courage, and in the process they have changed the course of history.

When the rebels tore the Red Star from their flags and pulled down the statues of Stalin in their public squares, they destroyed much more than the stars and statues: they destroyed the image of a Soviet system that was successful and unchallengable. When the soldiers of Hungary refused to fire on the rebels, then gave them their arms, and finally joined them in great numbers, they told the Kremlin and the world that the Russians could never again count on the loyalty of the satellite armies. When the teen-agers of Hungary and Poland raised their national flags and trampled underfoot the symbols of Soviet domination, they told the world that Communism had failed to capture their minds, that freedom was still an idea powerful enough to challenge tyranny.

This, then, was the revolution. It was a revolution of freedom, and the ferment that produced the upheavals in the satellites is at work in every part of the world where men long to be free. It is as potent a force in Asia, in the Middle East and in Africa as it has proved to be in Poland and Hungary, and it will bring great changes with it.

Much of the world has never been free, and a large part of mankind has always been hungry. Once this was inevitable, but now hunger is not necessary, and freedom is possible. Men who have never known freedom are today willing to die for it. Men who have seldom known what they would eat tomorrow have learned the truth, that there can be enough for all. These men will not rest until they have emerged into the light, and the world will know no peace until their just demands have been met.

AT THIS MOMENT in history, it is essential that the United States take a new look at the world in which we find ourselves. The cracks in the Soviet empire came long before most men dared to hope they would. The continuing crisis in the Middle East demonstrates again the explosive force of nationalism and anti-colonialism. The countries of Asia continue their almost frantic race toward the industrialism which they think will mean power and food for the millions who now go hungry. The future is rushing toward us at a frightening pace. To meet its challenge will require not only courage, which Americans have never lacked, but patience and imagination.

We will need patience because the world we seek will not be shaped in a day, and the tools we use will have to be suited to the task at hand. Against all our instincts and national tradition, we will have to content ourselves with limited goals, with settling most of the time for what we can get, rather than for what we want. (It is unlikely, for example, that we can get Mao to renounce

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Marx tomorrow; however, we may, if we are lucky, be able to encourage Titoism in China.) We will need imagination as never before, because the major emphasis in the struggle has changed almost overnight. The truism that the world is witnessing a war for the minds and hearts of men has become a living reality before our eyes, and we will in the future have to place less reliance on military weapons and alliances and more on new political, economic and cultural programs. We must wholeheartedly commit our power, our wealth, our ideas and our values into the battle to shape a world of justice and freedom.

Doing what we must do will not be easy. Yet the difficulties should not make us forget what is at stake. In his famous pastoral letter, "The Church Tomorrow: Growth or Decline?" the prophetic Cardinal Suhard pointed out that we live in a world in transition, in an era between two worlds. The old world is dying, and a new one is taking form. Today, more than ever, America has a unique opportunity to influence the shape of the future.

THE NEGRO VOTE

WE WERE happy to note that in the recent election the Democratic Party, for the first time in twenty years, lost a slice of its long-loyal Negro vote. The slice was not as large as GOP leaders had hoped, or as some analysts had predicted, but it was large enough to be painful for the Democrats. Frankly, we hope the wound stays open for some time, to give the Democrats a chance to brood over it.

This attrition of the Negro vote was caused primarily, of course, by the resentment of many at the way in which most Southern Democrats have, with unsavory consistency, blocked every major effort to honor, not in the breach but in the observance, the full civil rights of Negroes. Thousands of Negroes used ballots as a protest against such unwholesome political maneuvers as the Manifesto of Southern members of Congress, the loaded investigation of integrated schools in the District of Columbia, and the attempt made in several Southern states to outlaw the NAACP.

This protest-vote by a considerable number of Negroes is an alarm clock informing the national leaders of the Democratic Party that this is a new day. Like any group, Negroes have often used their votes as tokens of gratitude and confidence extended to the party which seemed more concerned with the Negro's interests. By and large, Negroes felt strongly—and rightly—that Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry Truman had fought and won great battles for them, and the Negroes tended to stretch their feelings for these men to the whole Democratic Party. But Roosevelt and Truman are no longer on the Democratic ticket; James Eastland and Herman Talmadge, Earl Long and John Bell Williams are. The Negro voter will be less and less inclined to use his vote to pay tribute to the past; he will use it to express his measure of satisfaction with the present and his demands for the future.

Such a development should make the Democratic Party's left-wing hand more aware of what that right-wing hand is doing. It may make the liberal Democrats wince, for example, to see just how many Negroes felt that a vote for Adlai Stevenson was a vote for James Eastland and declined to vote for Eastland. If they face up to the hard facts, the liberal Democrats are in for some painful sessions, but the results of them could be of great benefit to the Democratic Party and to the American Negro.

RELEASE OF CARDINAL MINDSZENTY

IN THE postwar Communist conquest of such countries as Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Yugoslavia it was felt to be important to remove national religious leaders from the scene. To imprison them on dubious charges was a key step in the determined effort to break the national spirit of these subject peoples. As Poland and Hungary have now so bravely demonstrated, this effort has failed while these plans have backfired on the totalitarian authorities. And of all the bishops who were arrested and imprisoned for this reason in Central and Eastern Europe, Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty's is the most celebrated case.

It was eight years ago this coming Christmas Eve that the Cardinal was arrested on charges of "plotting against the government, spying, treason and black-market dealings in currency." He was then subjected to six full weeks of continuous "questioning" for as long as twenty-two hours a day. Cardinal Mindszenty emerged from this ordeal apparently broken in body and spirit to be sentenced to penal servitude for life. The world still feelingly remembers the newspaper photographs comparing his appearance at the time of his arrest and at the moment of his "trial" six weeks later.

But this was far from the end of the Mindszenty story. Forcibly removed from his post as Primate of Hungary and thrust behind prison bars, the Car-

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dinal continued to be the spiritual leader of his courageous people. He grew as a symbol of the Hungarians' will to burst free from their chains, recover their national identity and restore traditions of many centuries. It was no accident that the Hungarian students who so fearlessly demonstrated for their nation's freedom in the streets of Budapest made Cardinal Mindszenty's release one of their principal demands. His role in the gathering storm that led to the tragically brief Russian withdrawal from the Hungarian capital is well phrased in the title of George N. Shuster's new account of the Cardinal's ordeal, *In Silence I Speak*.

Imprisonment itself failed to weaken the Hungarian Primate's determination. The man who is said to have saved the lives of 150,000 Jews from the Nazis and who experienced four months' imprisonment at Hitler's hands proved to be no less unyielding to his Communist jailers. As his symbolic stature grew, the Hungarian authorities sought repeatedly to extricate themselves from the position in which the Mindszenty imprisonment had placed them. After four years he was offered his freedom if he would resign as Primate and take refuge in Rome. The Cardinal adamantly refused. On a later occasion he was offered his release if he would agree to remain silent. He again refused. During this calendar year it is reported that Adam Hegedus, the Hungarian Prime Minister, visited this brave prisoner no less than four times, all to no purpose. When the Russians did march in and ruthlessly stamped out all Hungarian national resistance, Cardinal Mindszenty was forced to seek asylum in the American embassy at Budapest. Whatever his ultimate fate, he will remain the symbol of his people's love of homeland and freedom.

FAILURE OF POLICY

RECENT WEEKS have seen unexpected events whose consequences will reverberate through time. And responsible people of every country must by now be aware of the startling, almost terrifying, speed with which contemporary history creates itself. What seemed semi-permanent political forces only a month or two ago are crumbling; nations have been forced into new, strange and unexpected alliances; what were recently regarded as the postulates of political action are now being reexamined and, in some instances, dismissed. No matter what the immediate outcome of the crises in Europe and the Middle East, it is obvious that we have seen and have participated in a crucial moment of history. Things will never again be quite what they were.

For what they are today we, as a nation, are in good part responsible. When events change as rapidly as they have recently, the relation between a cause and its effect becomes easier to grasp, even in the foggy atmosphere of international relations. And, as the situation in the Middle East makes clear to all who see, the foreign policy of the United States directly affects the actions of other countries. Not long after those series of events which caused the United States to side with the Soviet Union against England, France and Israel, the biggest question became, not "how did this happen?" but "who's responsible?"

To this question the answers were sharper and more definite than usual. The Presidential campaign tended to divide the answers along party lines, but only to a degree. The division was determined primarily by the reaction to Israel's invasion of Egypt and the concerted action of England and France to seize the Suez Canal. To many this seemed to be a clear reversion to that policy of nineteenth-century imperialism, of enforced colonialism, from which the West has been trying to dissociate itself for decades. There seemed to be but one policy for the United States—strong and clear condemnation of such actions. To some people the firm, sensible address which President Eisenhower immediately made was weak and spineless. If the counsel of the extreme members of this group had prevailed the United States would have done what, according to the Alsops, some of our highest policy makers contemplated: we would have ordered our Sixth Fleet to oppose by force Anglo-French landings in Egypt.

This view, according to those who opposed it, overlooked the complexities of the situation. Israel had been consistently raided by Egyptian raiders. While Egypt was being strengthened by aid from America, the United States refused to send military equipment to Israel. For Israel, faced with Nasser's threats, the situation could only worsen. Both Britain and France, it was insisted, depended heavily upon economic benefits derived from the Middle East. That these were endangered was clear from Nasser's high-handed seizure of the Canal. Baffled and frustrated by American foreign policy, these countries, some critics said, had no recourse but the show of strength to bring Nasser to heel.

It is obvious that between these opposing groups there are strong differences. But on one thing they agree. Our foreign policy was largely responsible for the situation. The charge, which was easily

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drawn up, was formidable. For years the Middle East was relatively quiet. Then, following a course of "impartiality," America strengthened the Arab states, attempted to win Nasser as a friend, and persuaded the British to withdraw from their military bases along the Suez Canal. After helping to create an unstable situation, we then proceeded to upset things completely. We promised large financial aid to Nasser and then, publicly and suddenly, withdrew it. When Nasser retaliated by his seizure of the Canal we halted immediate British and French action by proposals we did not fulfill. Our foreign policy thus frustrated and alienated both our new "friends" and our old allies. We were left to wax indignant and condemn those actions which we had helped to bring about.

No outcome can hide the failure of our foreign policy over the last several years. Though the results of this policy have been revealed more suddenly and dramatically than anyone expected, they are not completely surprising. Critics of our drifting foreign policy have long been making their gloomy predictions. We now face the terrible prospect of seeing them fulfilled. The lesson for America is not new; but it is only partially learned. In a shifting world the nation must have a firm yet flexible foreign policy.

GROWTH OF DRIVE-INS

THE DOLEFUL predictions about the economic future of the movies when TV began to hit its stride have never fully been borne out. One reason was that the threat of competition provoked the studios to improve their product artistically as well as visually. Another is the phenomenal growth of the American drive-in theater as an outlet for Hollywood's product.

The spectacle at these five thousand comparatively new places of entertainment in the United States is fairly uniform. Many of the clients bring along sleeping children to save the expense and anxiety involved in teen-age baby sitters. What started out simply as a parking lot looking out on a big screen is blossoming out as a purveyor of many services. Hot dogs, hamburgers and soft drinks tend to constitute the fare most frequently offered but menus are expanding. Moreover, drive-ins here and there are adding swimming pools, driving ranges for inveterate golfers, playground installations and even dance floors. As the whole family is frequently in tow, the drive-in has a graphic way of underlining the vehemence of the human desire to be entertained at all hazards. And as superhighways proliferate and more and more accessible tracts are taken out of cultivation for increasingly lavish emporia of this sort, a garish transformation will overtake scattered patches on the American landscape.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

HISTORY and literature alike remind us that man is an unfeathered biped who constantly tries to eat his cake and have it too. But most of us find that reality is pretty stubborn stuff, and are forced to learn early that we cannot do both. We may not like this situation, but we feel we must bow to it.

This fact makes us all the more envious of those people—small in number but spectacular in performance—who reject the horrible alternatives and with dismaying ease do both.

Take the case of David Lawrence, the widely-syndicated newspaper columnist. Until we read a recent column of his, we had thought that the current crisis in the Middle East had more roots than an ancient oak tree, and that any attempt to pick out its many causes must inevitably assign as one leading cause the murky and mercurial Middle Eastern policy of the Eisenhower Administration.

But Mr. Lawrence affirms that the cause of it all is Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver, "who, by their sniping tactics since last August, have put partisan politics above all else and created in international affairs an impossible situation for the President and our allies." Mr. Lawrence represented "the impossible situation" as stemming from the fact that "if the President acted vigorously in the Suez dispute, Adlai Stevenson would have branded Mr. Eisenhower as a man bent on war instead of peace." As a consequence, the President's hands were tied; the French and British knew it, and realized that they would have to go it alone at least until after the Presidential election.

But Mr. Lawrence had long been insisting that President Eisenhower was a man above politics, who would gladly lose an election rather than compromise a principle or jeopardize either this nation's honor or its safety. This little accords with his image of the President not taking the action he felt he should take in the Middle East because Mr. Stevenson might use it to pick up votes, but only thus can Mr. Lawrence have the two Eisenhowers he needs to explain the debacle in Egypt.

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The Race to Destruction

"THE NEED FOR A MORATORIUM ON INTERCONTINENTAL MISSILES IS EVEN MORE URGENT THAN A BAN ON H-BOMB TESTING"

EDWARD A. CONWAY

IN AN ENLIGHTENING background piece on "The H-bomb Dispute" in the N.Y. *Times* for October 17, James Reston raised a question which calls for prompt and supra-partisan consideration. After noting that the Truman Administration as well as the Eisenhower Administration had rejected a moratorium on testing H-bombs, Mr. Reston observed that "the question now is whether, since both sides have enough of these bombs to blow each other off the face of the earth, the United States should not take the initiative in ending additional tests."

The paramount consideration is whether this is, in actuality, the right question to be asking at this time. Although ending H-bomb tests was a big issue in the campaign, I do not make this inquiry in terms of partisan politics, but rather in terms of national policy. I ask whether the question of a moratorium on H-bomb testing is really fundamental in the matter of the current arms race. Now that both the United States and Russia have H-bombs in abundance, their technological concentration is less on the bombs themselves than on the means of delivering them to a target. Both sides are straining to be the first to achieve the intercontinental ballistic missile. In view of this fact, are there not other questions—more fundamental, more relevant, more timely and more urgent—which we should be asking?

Last year I publicly appealed to the Democratic Party not to inject the subject of disarmament into the Presidential campaign. I was convinced then, and I still am today, that 1956 should be devoted to a determined, bipartisan effort to bring about a moratorium on testing, not H-bombs, but intercontinental ballistic missiles. In view of the rapid developments in missile technology during the last year, and the dearth of parallel developments in our disarmament policy, the need for such a moratorium on intercontinental missiles is even more urgent.

As soon as the Soviets successfully test an ICBM they can defy any inspection system devised. They can simply hide them underground—to emerge at the push of a button. So, of course, could we. Even the "surprise-prevention" system the President proposed at Geneva would be worthless. No amount of aerial reconnaissance could locate these missiles once they were operationally deployed. Unless, therefore, the development of these missiles is halted by agreement before any are successfully tested—and unless an effective inspection system is already checking on compliance with the agreement—the last hope for disarmament will have disappeared.

LAST YEAR, rather arbitrarily, I suggested Inauguration Day, 1957, as the deadline for the moratorium on missile-testing. When I hear that the United States has already fired a missile three thousand miles over the South Atlantic only a year after its "crash program" really started rolling, I begin to wonder whether I was too optimistic.

At the United Nations in July Ambassador Lodge warned: "We cannot afford to let much more time go by. The long-range guided missile is already looming on the scene. When it becomes a standard weapon, no nation would have more than fifteen minutes to get ready to defend itself and to hit back. . . . We must act before these deadly missiles are poised in hidden nests ready to strike—and before the problem of nuclear control becomes too diffuse and too unstable to handle."

During the campaign, therefore, the wrong questions were raised. We should have asked both candidates such questions as these: How and how soon do you propose to act on the missile problem? Do you or do you not agree that a moratorium on missile-testing—separate from an over-all disarmament agreement—could be reached more readily and more safely than could a ban on H-bomb testing? Do you or do you not agree with Dean Duncan E. MacDonald, Boston University physicist and reconnaissance expert, who testified last April 9 before the Senate Subcommittee on Disarmament that once ICBM's are operationally deployed, detection will be "technologically impossible?"

Father Edward A. Conway, S. J., formerly an editor of *America* and now at Creighton University, has written widely on disarmament.

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For five years after the Soviets broke our atomic monopoly, the United States disarmament negotiators refused to acknowledge officially the technological fact admitted by atomic scientists—that no amount of inspection could detect hidden atomic bombs. Both Presidential candidates should have been asked whether or not they intend to base their disarmament policy henceforth on the official acknowledgment of another technological truth—that no amount of inspection could detect hidden missile-launching installations. The candidates might also have been asked if, in view of Ambassador Lodge's warning that we cannot afford to let much more time go by, they would sponsor an American proposal that the United Nations immediately constitute itself a committee of the whole and bring the missile menace out into the open.

Because the cessation of missile-testing is the essential precondition to any other form of arms control, the overriding question, the question that should be answered before any other questions are even asked, is whether or not the United States should at once propose a moratorium on missile-testing—not on H-bomb testing—by an agreement separate from any general disarmament projects. The time for asking and answering that question and for negotiating that moratorium grows desperately short. No scientific breakthrough, like the "thermonuclear breakthrough" of 1953, is now required for missile development and production. The missile makers are getting the correct technical answers every day, while we doggedly continue to ask the wrong policy questions.

AFTER CONSULTING atomic scientists, missile experts, military strategists, and arms-control students during a year devoted to intensive study of the arms race in all its aspects, I am convinced that an immediate and heroic effort is essential, concentrated on this one problem of a missile-testing moratorium, and enlisting the best minds of the whole world. Only this can now save the world from the unbalancing terrors of a nuclear-missile stalemate, and win for us a few more years in which to work out a dependable general disarmament program. In debating a ban on H-bomb testing, I am convinced that we are wasting utterly priceless time on a question that can wait until the urgent issue of the missile race is resolved. Every day we delay grappling with it, the missile-makers rush closer to their goal—which will mark for the world the point of no return to any inspectable and enforceable disarmament.

For me this is not merely a matter of conviction; it is a matter of conscience. Did not Pope Pius XII declare last Christmas that stopping the arms race is "an obligation in conscience of nations and of their leaders?" But what has been almost completely overlooked in the dispute over banning tests of the H-bomb is the Pope's recent concern over missiles. In his 1955 Christmas address he treated at length the testing of H-bombs; in his 1956 Easter message, however, Pope Pius concentrated on the race for "radio-guided missiles, capable of traversing enormous distances to carry total destruction to men and things by means of atomic weapons."

At that time the Pope said that "in order that nations may be checked in this race toward the abyss," he was praying "for light and strength for those who control the destinies of nations." I venture to invite all my fellow citizens of every religious belief and political party to join in instant prayer that those who guide the destinies of our nation may be granted the light and the strength to ask the right questions and get the right answers on how to check "this race toward the abyss."

ST. CATHERINE'S, SUMMER

Cuius amor tantum mihi crescit in horas
Quantum vere novo viridis se subicit alnus
—Virgil

The tops of trees, not sonnets, take the sun
seasons are tutored by, not flesh but this
informing the still mind how time has run
our round of circumstance, the rod we kiss,
the wrath of wisdom we are cradled by . . .
What lamb or wolf will mind the ready child
we think we are when the conceiving eye
reads light and the quick blood climbs reconciled
to the resistless order of such Cause
as draws the gradual summer through our trees?
Friend, violence thrives only when we pause,
minded that we foresuffer. I am these
eyes, momentary flesh, and essence caught
where the strict will would suckle and be taught.

How does our flesh keep the offending eye
to the perception of this rational coil
we seem and act concupiscently by,
echoing as we fall? I see despoil
the way I take, the pretense my love would not
where christed prudence yields the breaking mind,
light and conjecture, to divisive thought
and, subtly as intelligence, unwind
even the senses that instruct our will.
I mime the dark I love not and recall
alone, alone the love I am not till
the dandled infant I would be grows tall
as winter to my cognizance. Sweet friend,
my breath and sight, like Adam's, are my end.

CAROL JOHNSON.

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Last Days at Dachau

"DANTE AND VIRGIL HAD SEEN NOTHING WORSE IN THEIR VOYAGE THROUGH HELL"

THOMAS MOLNAR

NOBODY KNEW where we were heading, but rumors spread like fire in dry straw. "They will assemble us in one place, then exchange the whole lot for German prisoners held by the Allies," some maintained. "Yes, they will get us together"—said the pessimists—"but use us as hostages. Hitler will ask in exchange that the Russians withdraw from Berlin." "Hostages?" exclaimed Pierre. "You fools. They want us all to be in one spot so they can machine gun the whole bunch. I am telling you, if we had guts, we would escape." "Why don't *you?"* someone asked. But Pierre was never one to answer embarrassing questions.

It was April 20, the Fuehrer's birthday (the last), and we were lying around in the sun, exhausted from the long night-march during which we had lost ten or twelve of our men. Above, in the clear blue sky, Allied and German planes were playing cat and mouse, but we were in relative safety, although in the middle of a hilly meadow. The planes were fighters; the bombers had already departed toward the south. The Bavarian morning was sharply cool, and we huddled together because our emaciated bodies offered no resistance to the penetrating wind.

"Mon Dieu, regarde!" Jean-Michel pointed excitedly to one of the big fighter birds coming down in flames. The others did not even turn their heads. Only Pierre asked: "Is it ours or theirs?"—but showed no real curiosity in finding out, for other problems filled our minds; why this sudden directive from H.Q. (wherever they were, at present) to all slave-work camps to converge on the nearest large concentration camp? Were the Germans really considering some last big deal? Were we pawns in their bargaining with the Allies? Or did they intend to liquidate us, just one minute before freedom?

Nobody knew, not even our guards. They were anxious too, and at least the older ones, the members of the *Volksturm,* wanted nothing more than to return home. Some of them could hardly carry the rifle on their stooped shoulders, and under the military garb they were, perhaps, just as fearful as we. But they still ate, their rations were still regularly issued, while we literally feasted on the fruits of the earth. A potato, some radishes, and occasionally some ugly brownish water, labeled coffee. No bread, no margarine, no marmalade.

IT IS true that the previous day I had a piece of luck. After the usual all-night promenade across the rain-drenched countryside, we were lying in a grange, unable even to make the effort to dry our poor rags. Suddenly I sat up. "Pierre," I began. A groan interrupted me: "Shut up," cried Pierre, "can't you lie still? Shut up and let me sleep." But great things were stirring my repose. Suppose, I said to myself, that I go over to the farmhouse and ask for a bucket of hot water. I could scrape off at least two layers of dirt from my body, and who knows, some fleas might drown in the process. I knew that a group of American prisoners had been working around the farm, and the Americans were notoriously clean people. Perhaps the farmer was accustomed to seeing them wash, and would not refuse my request.

There was no use bothering with Pierre; once he turned in, not even the twenty-one gun salute that we had promised each other for liberation would wake him up. I went alone.

Twenty minutes later I came back. I would have run, had I not spent all my strength in the intricate movements of washing. I was beyond myself, exalted. I lay down next to Pierre and began shaking him. "Qu'est ce qu'il y a encore?" he growled. Instead of answering, I pushed before his blinking eyes the piece of bacon I just received from the farmer's wife. *"Bacon,"* I said. *"Bacon,"* he repeated, hypnotized by the size and smell of the prey.

We lived for three days on that piece of bacon. The term fat would have applied better, but for our fat-hungry (and dairy-hungry and sugar-hungry) organism it was like manna. We divided it up into microscopically small pieces, and consumed it according to a carefully established plan.

Mr. Molnar, a regular contributor, is now a member of the faculty at the San Francisco College for Women.

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THE DAYS were tolerable because the Germans had orders not to move and offer easy target for Allied planes. The latter were constantly overhead, as if the air-space over the Vaterland had been already occupied. Nobody dared so much as show his face before nightfall, but then everybody became active and excited. Our guards emerged from the farmhouse and began shouting orders, then counted and re-counted us, making sure that none would be left behind, hidden in the straw with the rats.

And so we marched on. Undorf, Regensburg, Altdorf, etc., followed like a slow-motion picture, peasants staring at us from their houses, guards excited and shouting *"Schnell, schnell,"* officers driving by in cars and on motorcycles.

On the second night, as we dragged our gaunt frames along, talking with great gusto of all the food, mainly pastry, on which we would revel after liberation, we noticed Franz, the *Oberkapo* (prisoner foreman), dressed in a strange assortment of civilian clothes. At first we hardly recognized him with his felt hat and necktie, but then it became clear that he was going to disappear, with the captain's tacit approval. Franz, a former German Socialist, had fought in the ranks of the International Brigade in Spain, escaped to France after Franco's victory, and was extradited in 1940. We feared and detested him, for in spite of his repeated assurances that he wanted our good, his hand fell heavily on those who, allegedly, upset his morning and evening roll calls.

Now he was on his way to freedom, and we bitterly envied him. But he was a German, and could easily disappear among his countrymen. Also, since the day before, he possessed a wrist watch that he had taken by force from Karl, a Czech boy from our team. For eight months Karl had managed to hide this precious object from guards and overseers, and used to tell the time to the weary inquirers as the work-day seemed to progress all too slowly. Now the "company watch" was gone, to help Franz appear like a genuine civilian. With hat and tie and all. . .

As we were getting nearer our still-unknown destination, covering mile after painful mile in the darkness of the cold rain, with anxiety gripping our exhausted souls, it often happened that we would forget our present plight, walk in a monotonous, dream-like half-awareness, and try to imagine what lay ahead. The expectation of freedom was so intense that we would see ourselves in the midst of our family, at the dinner table, engaged in small talk, and the well-known objects of the room would stand out with a vividness that bordered on hallucination. Plans were being made, feverish and grandiose plans, and, of course, vows of righting one's life, or, on the contrary, of living dangerously. Never before had I realized so clearly that the mind is made of a different stuff from that of the body, and that it could carry on a separate existence.

In the rare moments when the train stopped, one could hear the distant rumblings of artillery. Or was it thunder? We were hoping it was artillery, although we, too, risked being engulfed in its fire. But somehow it seemed that we could die no accidental death, and that the Nazis were the only source of mortal danger. Artillery, French or American, must have a soul of its own: it would avoid us, knowing that we were friends and compatriots.

TOWARD DAYBREAK on the 27th, the sky lit up in deep, angry red. There was no doubt any longer: the Allies were closing in, and we were caught, together with our German captors, in a huge mouse-trap. It was around four o'clock; we were eagerly discussing the possibility of meeting an Allied detachment and being liberated, guards and all. The whole thing appeared to be so near, almost at the tip of one's outstretched hands, at shouting distance. Perhaps deep in our hearts some of us regretted that it would be over so soon, that the sweet moments, awaited for years, could not be prolonged and made to yield all their flavor.

In the heat of excited though subdued talk, we had not noticed that we were now marching between two rows of tall trees, and that at our left there rose the dark body of a wall, long, endless. But then we saw it, and silence fell upon us. A word was on the lips, a sinister word that filled with dread our mouths and minds: Dachau.

Everybody knew what it meant. In the dark Hell of slavekeeping Germany *Konzentrationslager Dachau* represented the deepest pit, at the gates of which hope had to be renounced forever. None of us had been there before, but one overseer had spent a few months within its walls and could tell of the crawling skeletons that peopled its gray barracks. So here was the end. No friendly army could now move fast enough to prevent our being engulfed by the threatening walls which seemed to march along with us, pitiless, in the graying light of the Bavarian highway.

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Before we knew it, we were inside. Our wooden shoes were knocking on the pavement of an immense square, surrounded by uniform, low buildings and darkly emerging machine-gun towers. Then we halted and they counted us. *"Mütze ab!"* (caps off) shouted the sergeant, and he added: "Thank the *Herr Obersturmbahnführer* for the kind way he has treated you!" And obediently we shouted: *"Danke schon, Herr Obersturmbahnführer,"* without at first recognizing the handsome civilian who now waved his gloved hand to us. Obersturmbahnführer SS . . . . . (we never knew his name) and his staff graciously bowed out of our lives, disappearing like peaceful citizens among the other peaceful citizens of their country.

We were now officially handed over to the commandment of Dachau. For the time being this meant that we would sit around for most of the morning, in the pale sunshine of the late April day. Although we were desperately, overpoweringly hungry, it was given to us to observe a unique instant in history, the fast disintegration of an empire at its lowest, most degraded level. Nobody was quite sure any longer just how far he would be obeyed, how long he would be in charge of anything at all. Authority slowly escaped from German hands, and was assumed by the "intelligentsia" of the camp, those whom the long and agonizing years could not break, but had, rather, hardened into illusionless realists. They, the intellectual leaders of the camp, who had emerged in these last, all-important days, unknown and unseen by the mass of prisoners, knew perfectly well that the game was not over yet, that the Germans would set a high price for letting those who had survived for years, live through the last few days or perhaps hours. Everybody knew by now that by direct orders from Himmler the prisoners of all camps were to be liquidated before the Allies could reach them. We all knew about this order, although many preferred to consider it as mere rumor. What we did not know was that the camp commander had informed the clandestine leadership of the inmates about it, and had set his price for not executing the order: a written guarantee of being left, he and his family, unharmed after the Allies took over.

THE DAY, the 27th of April, a Friday, was drawing to its end. We had been herded together again, counted by camp guards, and assigned some ground between two barracks to sit around and eat our "lunch": one slice of bread. No wurst, no coffee. The camp kitchen functioned no longer. Some cooks had suddenly chosen a civilian career, and the prisoners were reluctant to go for food. One never knew; there might be a new order, the liquidation might start, and those exposing themselves become its first victims. The deadly race for time had begun.

At about 5 P.M. there was a roll call for our group on the main square. What should we do? Should we go or should we hide? The barracks, although the stench within was unbearable, and half-alive skeletons were literally heaped upon each other for lack of space, the barracks, we knew, offered some protection, and perhaps no German would venture among the tuberculous, dysenteric mass of rotting flesh to chase us out. But then, what would be the gain? Suppose they set fire to the barracks. How many could escape? And what good may one expect of Dachau, anyway? If we moved on (and we suspected that that was the purpose of the roll call), at least we would be in the open country.

We appeared at the roll call, were counted and given (each group of three) a loaf of bread and some cheese. Orders were to move on, toward southern Bavaria where, the order ran, we would help the Reich in its last stand. A piece of mad impertinence if ever there was any. But who cared about the Reich and its last mad orders; the fact that we had some bread and cheese blocked out everything else from our consideration. Before us, another group of two thousand prisoners had received the same ration and marched off happily. (They were found later on both sides of the highway, machine-gunned.) We envied them then, and now the same luck shone on us.

Except for a sudden downpour we would have followed them. As it was, we disappeared under all kinds of shelters, waiting for the storm to pass. It did, three hours later, and by then it was so dark that nobody undertook to count us. We went back to the barracks, and after being duly cursed by the unfortunates who had no room themselves, we found some patches of floor to rest our bodies on. One must say that we were robust in comparison with the original occupants, whom we now forced off the ground we needed for ourselves.

Saturday, the 28th. Nothing happened. But the race for time went on, and our life was the stake. Rumors ran that 1) the camp commander had fled during the night; 2) he was still here, but as prisoner of his staff, which wanted to defend the camp to the last man; 3) the Allies were only a few miles away; 4) the Allies had suffered great losses the day before and had withdrawn; 5) two of the camp's prisoner-leaders had left the camp with the commander's secret approval, and were now trying to contact the nearest Allied units. There were more rumors yet, and all entered, like little streams, the ocean of our anguish. We were absolutely without food, because the Germans would not venture among the barracks, and we would not show ourselves on the *Appel-Platz* that had to be crossed on the way to the kitchen. There were too many machine-guns around.

Pierre and I spent the day reconnoitering. The barracks were in horrible condition: dirt, mainly from

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human beings in the last phase of disintegration. As one walked among them, one could not avoid stepping on an outstretched hand or foot, but instead of a curse, however brutal yet reassuring, all one heard was a faint, whinnying sound, like that of an old and sick animal in which the spark of life is close to extinction. We witnessed bitter battles for a dish of warm water in which the morsels of yesterday's bread had been carefully dipped. And there were the emasculated, screaming voices shrieking oaths, flows of dreadful insults, and the thud of fists falling on the bony surface of what used to be a flesh-covered body. Dante and Virgil had seen nothing worse in their voyage through the circles of Hell.

THERE WERE those on the other hand whom the moral force that an ideal had generated and kept alive made active to the point of restlessness. Some were going around collecting on shreds of paper the names and addresses of their colleagues-in-suffering whom they wanted to contact at home. Even telephone numbers were exchanged, although the Kafkaesque absurdity of this was obvious. But a telephone number dragged out from among buried pieces of memory meant a sudden irruption of civilization, of normal life among well-fed and well-housed human beings.

We went to bed that night more desperate than ever. Our excitement was now spent, and we had the impression that if the weekend were to pass without the decisive event taking place, Monday would see the Germans reestablished in their power and self-confidence. It was rather evident from what we could sense around us that our masters were momentarily stunned by the catastrophe submerging their country; but it was a hardy race, and once the effects of the first shock were over, they might devise a method whereby to finish off all of us.

On Sunday, the 29th, the camp reached the peak of discouragement. Few words were heard; all lay around in complete apathy. About noon an unexpected shipment of bread and cheese arrived from the kitchen, and hours were now spent in dividing up the food so that none might feel slighted. Even so, violent quarrels broke out over half a millimeter one way or the other, and the usual curses in Polish, French, German and Gipsy filled the air. Suddenly, it was around four o'clock, shots were heard. Orders came, nobody knew from where, from whom, to enter the barracks and not to leave them under any circumstances. The rooms, crowded far beyond capacity, were filled with supreme tension; one did not even hear the rattle of the dying. A few more shots, this time clearly near the barbed wires. And then a cry went up outside, super-human, hysterical: "The Americans!" "The Americans are here!"

I was standing in a corner with Pierre, Karl and some others, munching our cheese slowly, with motions that indicated a ritual rather than actual eating. The cheese was good, at least so it seemed to me, and I meant to enjoy every atom of it before swallowing. Of course we had heard the shots and the yell about the Americans, and we exchanged a quick, eye-filling glance. We knew it was true. The Americans were here. But why should one stop eating? Cheese and bread, cheese and bread; our minds could not concentrate on anything else. We ate solemnly, ceremoniously, cutting with the sharpened edge of a spoon one small piece of bread, one small piece of cheese. The Americans were here. We were happy. We could not cry to celebrate it. We were eating.

I REMEMBER it as a dream. We left the barracks and walked down the main avenue towards the *Appel-Platz* to see the Americans. Along with us came 35,000 happy, crazy, shouting, weeping men, the prisoners of Dachau. Everywhere were flags, French, Italian, Yugoslav, Polish, red flags, red stars, striped flags, emblems. Who had made them, where they had been hidden I don't know. But all converged, men and flags, on the big square in the middle of which, hoisted on shoulders, surrounded, fondled, adored were the seven Americans who had liberated us. "Some more are arriving tomorrow," they explained happily, mixing English, German and French, but for the moment they were all that represented Uncle Sam, the West, civilization, freedom. And no more candy, no more cigarettes, no more chewing-gum. "Nix, nix. Sorry," and with laughing seriousness they turned their pockets inside out to show that they had given away all they had. But who cared? Everybody laughed, cried, tried to get close to the Americans just to touch them. And then everybody stopped as if obeying orders; a song went skyward from all the parched lips, the lips of the thirty-five thousand Europeans and the seven Americans: the Marseillaise.

Darkness descended upon the camp, and we were lying in silence. Nobody wanted to speak, everybody was busy thinking of getting home, making plans, starting a second life. The angel of happiness ruled in each heart; tears that had been held back for months, for years, rolled down the emaciated cheeks. Outside the Americans stood guard.

Suddenly Pierre pushed me gently in the side: "Moi, quand je rentre," he began. Pierre was a farmer, and owned a vineyard near Dijon. But before he could continue, Filo, the consumptive Italian boy who lay on my other side, interrupted him: "Si, si," he said, and his weak voice gathered volume, "si, ritornar!" And we could tell from the tone of his voice that he was smiling.

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WHEN ALL CATS ARE GRAY

BY THE TIME this appears, the next President will have been elected. Unless something spectacular happens in the final days, the 1956 campaign will be remembered as singularly dispassionate. It was as tranquil and temperate a contest as a Papal election.

The elements that might have turned the campaign into a feverish battle were absent. No great debate stirred the people. The choice was between the present Eisenhower "peace and prosperity" and Stevenson's vision of a surer peace and a more sweeping prosperity. Some of the "give 'em hell" experts of other years were missing. President Truman's early smash-bang against Stevenson made him such an embarrassment that little was heard from Independence. Senator McCarthy's embrace these days is about as sought-after as a *Daily Worker* endorsement. He did his part by keeping quiet. Though Richard Nixon was more bitterly taunted for his choir-boy behavior than ever he was when he took the low-road express, he sweated out his Good Conduct medal like a man.

Adlai Stevenson occasionally sounded more like a politician on the make than he did four years ago, and there were a few demonstrations of the famous Eisenhower temper. But by and large, these two principal contestants were gentlemen from start to finish.

Four years ago the political mood and method called McCarthyism were found in both parties. This time the die-hard followers of the Senator were quarantined. The most significant debate carried on in their journals was a footless argument about whether they ought to vote at all. The same dispute raged in left-wing organs.

And so in the 1956 election the right wing joined the left wing as dissidents and heretics in an America united in the middle of the road. Dr. J. B. Matthews saw the major parties as two different roads leading to the same socialism, and Irving Howe, Socialist, said in *Liberation* that in the night of moderation all cats are gray. The *National Review* took a dim view of Ike because he was so much like Stevenson, while *Dissent* asked bitterly: "What is Adlaism fast becoming but Ikeism with a touch of literacy and intelligence?"

Left and right these days have no one but each other. It seems that all America has joined Stevenson and Eisenhower in rejecting the polarities. Some march under the flag of a vital-center liberalism; others under neo-conservative banners. But it is often hard to distinguish between them. There is nothing for Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Peter Viereck to argue about but fine points. If the New York *Times* had snipped off the final paragraphs of its editorial endorsing Eisenhower, James Wechsler could have finished it with a pitch for Adlai, without changing a word that went ahead.

Stevenson lashed the Administration for the "bankruptcy" of its Middle Eastern policy. But when the volcano erupted, he telegraphed the President to urge that U.S. armed forces not get involved. Even before the wire was delivered, Mr. Eisenhower was on the air assuring us that "there will be no United States involvement in these present hostilities."

The closest Eisenhower and Stevenson came to a real disagreement was over the H-bomb test issue, and that did not involve a matter of principle, a *what,* but a *when.* Both candidates agreed that ultimate disarmament is the goal of American policy. The question was when the U.S. should take the first step.

There was the draft issue, but what did it add up to? Stevenson said we ought to think about abolishing the draft when such a move is feasible. Eisenhower did not disagree with that truism (who could?) but rebuked Stevenson for mentioning it.

And who but Adam Clayton Powell could tell the difference between the two candidates on the civil-rights issue? Both are squarely opposed to violence, both stand for law, order and self-restraint.

The farm issue? Eisenhower supported his Secretary of Agriculture and opposed government subsidies as a long-range solution. Stevenson spoke harshly about the Secretary but agreed with the President that subsidies promise no long-range solution. Again, a matter not of *what* but of *when.*

It would appear that at least for the present the nation is securely united on the philosophy of the New Deal as modified and moderated by Eisenhower and the liberal Republicans. For almost twenty years, the Republican Presidential candidates said "Me too, only better." This time the Democratic candidate was saying something that sounded very similar.

The fact is that the right-wing Republicans and the left-wing Socialists were correct when they said there were no great differences between the two choices. Stevenson Democrats and Eisenhower Republicans are generally agreed on what they expect from their government. American elections have become not the choice of ends and of systems but of means and men. For the present at least, Americans know what they want and neither the Old Guard nor the Avant Garde is selling it.

The right-wing Republicans and the left-wing Socialists are simply out of the game. Even if they were to combine their forces, they would not be able to elect a dog catcher, at least until the present mood changes.

JOHN COGLEY.

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'Yanks, Go Home'

ROBERT ROSS

THIS TINY North Atlantic island of Iceland, with a population close to that of Dayton, Ohio, has within the last few months become considerably hotter than its geographical position would suggest. While Western statesmen have had their hands full with the warm political climate in the Suez, Soviet statesmen have been warming up the cold war in Iceland. Further, the newly elected Icelandic government has announced that United States forces presently stationed on the island, as part of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's northern defense chain, are no longer welcome and that the sooner they leave the better.

"Whoever holds Iceland holds a pistol at the head of North America and Europe," Winston Churchill said during the days of World War II. What he said then is as true today. Strategically located almost in the center of the North Atlantic, twenty-one hundred miles from Moscow and twenty-eight hundred miles from New York, Iceland is the outer defensive, or offensive, base for the NATO nations.

When Emil Jonsson, the new Icelandic Foreign Minister, stated at a recent Washington press conference, "Iceland has no intention of withdrawing from NATO and is willing to keep bases on a stand-by basis ready for emergency use at any time if the U.S. troops are withdrawn," he probably spoke with all sincerity. But there is a big question in the minds of NATO officials: if NATO troops are taken off the island, as the Icelandic government asks, who, in the event of a third world war, is going to prevent the Russians from taking the $150,000,000 airbases, complete with their ten-thousand-foot runways, suitable for even the largest aircraft now used or those built in the foreseeable future.

On the basis of the present situation many persons think that the 160,000 Icelanders are anti-American, and they find many examples which substantiate this thought. The U.S. troops stationed on the island represent, as Secretary of State Dulles pointed out, the equivalent of six million foreign troops stationed in the United States. They are, thus, a matter of constant attention, even though the six thousand U.S. troops at the Iceland bases have a 10 P.M. curfew, after which time they must be back on base. Furthermore, they introduce so much "free money" on the island that there is bound to be a certain amount of inflation. (The Icelandic government has recently pegged prices and wages until the end of the year.)

On the other hand, Iceland's Foreign Minister made it quite clear, when he was in Washington, that the Icelanders have no feeling of animosity toward the United States. "It is now, as always before," he said, "the traditional policy of Iceland to avoid the stationing of armed forces in Iceland, although we sincerely wish to participate in NATO and support its aims." I know, as do many Americans who have visited Iceland as tourists, how friendly and warmhearted the Icelanders are. One doesn't spend very long in Reykjavik, for instance, without receiving invitations to visit the people in their homes. What then, is the meaning of the present Icelandic policy of so-called anti-Americanism?

WHEN ICELAND joined Sweden, Norway and Denmark in an economic pact in 1948 and then, a year later, was admitted to membership in NATO, the picture looked very bright and rosy. The West was gaining a much needed ally and a fine strategic base in the bargain. In 1951, the Icelandic government requested, and was granted, a multi-million dollar loan for hydro-electric power developments. At the same time she asked for further U.S. troops, in spite of the fact that the present Foreign Minister says that "the traditional policy of Iceland is to avoid the stationing of armed forces in Iceland." However, like many other smaller countries, Iceland does not have endless financial resources nor a long list of valuable major exportable commodities and goods; in fact, her only major export is fish. In order to keep her economy on an even keel she must have stable markets.

When, in 1950, price negotiations with Britain over Iceland's fish exports bogged down, she could not afford to sit around and wait until the matter was clarified. She had to sell her fish, and do it quickly. Russia stepped into the picture and signed a long-term, favorable trade agreement. The price didn't matter too much to the Russians since, with a state-backed economy, they had little to worry about. With their foot wedged firmly in the door, the Russians were well on their way to their eventual goal.

Mr. Ross is a Canadian journalist who makes his headquarters in Copenhagen.

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With their first objective reached, the Russians then stepped up their infiltration campaign, not in a loud and pompous way, but by using the old-fashioned, smooth, diplomatic way. The Icelanders are the world's most literate people, and, through government scholarships, they have attained an extremely high educational standard. The Russians were smart enough to realize this, and they set about attaining their second objective toward winning over the Icelanders. In flattering the Icelanders through the field of the arts they were partly helped by the Americans themselves, who had really shown the Icelanders little other than war machines, military installations and the fact that they had plenty of money to spend. The Russians, on the other hand, offered the Icelanders books, exhibitions, concerts and ballet. The fact that they are still doing it was shown late in September when a Russian ballet returned from Reykjavik by way of Copenhagen. In addition to culture, the Russians continued their offers of further trade agreements.

When the Icelandic elections were held this summer the Russians made certain that there were plenty of cultural groups visiting the island republic at the time. When the ballots were counted, the Progressive party, which had formed a coalition with the Democratic and Socialist parties, had won the election and deposed the former pro-Western government. The new government's election platform has been "stability of the economy for the Russian trade pact and the checking of inflation through the ousting of the American NATO forces."

The question which now faces NATO is, "what is to be done about Iceland?" This month talks will be held between NATO and Iceland to try to find some sort of "middle course" that can be followed between the position of the Icelandic government, that the troops should be withdrawn, and that of the sixteen nation NATO council, that Iceland should reconsider her request for the withdrawal of the troops.

The Icelandic government has already made two suggestions to solve the problem: one, that Iceland operate the bases with nationals and allow the United States to pay the bill, an almost impossible task because of the difficulty of training personnel; the second, that Iceland keep a few American troops as specialists to help the Icelanders. A third suggestion, made by a member of the Icelandic Communist Government Party, that the bases be abandoned altogether would mean that the Western nations, especially North America, could find themselves twenty-one hundred miles closer to Moscow and Soviet air power. None of these suggestions is completely satisfactory, but no better formulation has yet been offered. With good reason the eyes of the world are on Suez at the present, but before long they will have to focus north to a colder clime and the problems confronting the West in Iceland.

THE STAGE

A MODERN MORALITY

MR. CHRISTOPHER FRY'S Canterbury Festival play, "Thor, With Angels," is neither rich nor complex—arrested constantly by a heavy embossing of language, the promiscuous riot and flush of fancy—but a sober beauty of spirit flows through it, issuing finally in a sudden and unmistakable power. This gentle morality of pre-Christian England and the collision of the new gospel of love with the old blood-gods of Woden and Thor is a specifically religious foreshadowing of Mr. Fry's later works of secular piety. His characteristic themes are here, and personages—notably the young man dogged with "ambition for life," and his antagonists, those malignant literalists "rigid with reality." So too is Mr. Fry's wit here, though often insistently pert and jarring. Dramatically, in the meshed tissue of poetry and vision, "Thor, With Angels" rarely achieves more than a dignified and conscious display of Christian sensibility, but twice Mr. Fry's motifs cut deeply: once in the figure of Merlin, looming greenly in this sullen pagan atmosphere, mossy and venerable with antiquity and blending in his person wisdoms beyond telling, like one of Homer's old seawashed gods seen at the dawn of time; and again in that of the young captive Briton, all supple eagerness, who is sacrificed to the dark insistence for blood. Mr. Fry has given this last incident of pathos a resonant force by suggesting in it the Crucifixion: the device is at once subtle and bold, spiritually discreet, and it floods that moment of the play with a tide of meaning and grief.

To those not dismayed at the prospect of going to church for their drama, Mr. Bill Penn's production offers a considerable pleasure. He has staged "Thor With Angels" in the austerely handsome chapel of the Broadway Congregational Church, where it is presented on Sunday afternoons at five o'clock. (One might note, however, that the conventions of worship and theater do not always mingle with grace: surely some policy could be established with respect to applause—my own feeling is that it rings self-consciously in such a setting—and since there is no charge for admission to the performance, an arrangement must be devised to obviate the clinking embarrassment of a post-curtain collection.) Mr. Richard Morse makes of the baffled victim a tender and touching figure, fluently realized, and there is incisive attack in Mr. G. Wood's tormented pagan; Mr. Robert Ellenstein's fantastical Merlin, dredged out of time, is most imposing. Altogether, however, the production wants a reduction in volume and scale, a muting of tone: the verse might also be read with a sharper clarity. (*At*

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the Broadway Congregational Church, Broadway at 56th Street, Sundays through December 16th.)

(N.B. It may interest readers of The Commonweal to know that on Wednesday, December 5th, Mr. E. Martin Browne and students of the Union Theological Seminary will present a single performance of the York Nativity Play at the James Memorial Chapel, Claremont Avenue and 121st Street. Admission by ticket only.)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND

IT IS INTERESTING that one of the year's best films should come from Spain, a country that has sent us movies from time to time but never before anything of this caliber. "Marcelino," which indeed stands up with the best from any country, is a cinematic poem combining realism with lyricism and dominated by a strong faith. From the simple beginning of its main story, told by a Franciscan friar in a long flashback, "Marcelino" exudes enthusiasm. Three friars come to the mayor of this Spanish village which was ruined during the wars with France and ask if they can rebuild a deserted farmhouse as their monastery so they can serve the community. Theirs is no easy task, but with hard labor and the help of a few villagers, they build an attractively simple place and they prosper. Several years later, by which time there are twelve Franciscans at the monastery, a baby boy is left at their gate and when they discover that his parents are dead, they try to find foster parents, but aren't too unhappy when they fail and have to care for the baby themselves. They do, however, incur the enmity of the town blacksmith when they refuse to give the child to this bully because of the unhappy atmosphere of his home.

Certainly happy is the term which best describes the atmosphere at the monastery, and when, five years later, we again see Marcelino (named after the saint on whose day he was found), we realize what a good job these twelve doting and thoughtful fathers have done with their motherless charge. Portrayed by Pablito Calvo in one of those exquisite performances that children give every now and then (for example, the boys in "The Fallen Idol," "The Bicycle Thief," "Never Take No for an Answer") Marcelino is utterly charming. He's mischievous and trying to the friars when he floats a boat in the holy water or prevents the bell from tolling; but he's also sweet and lovable and appealing, as we see in a series of sequences that show a typical day in Marcelino's life, a series that has the soaring quality of a song. He loves the friars as much as they love him. And he calls them Brother Cooky and Brother Door and Brother Ding-Dong, according to their jobs, and he gives them great concern when, in his loneliness, he invents a playmate or when after being bitten by a scorpion he becomes ill. The brothers are played by the Spanish cast with such simplicity, warmth and sincerity that they make the film seem like a documentary—even when one of them climbs a hill with Marcelino and, cassock or no, teaches him to turn a somersault.

No doubt Director Ladislao Vajda (Hungarian born but resident in Spain since 1942) deserves major credit for this enchanting film. He wrote the script with José Maria Sanchez-Silva, the author of the original novel, and he directed his cast with affection for the story he was telling. Although he allows the blacksmith, who later becomes mayor, to appear too melodramatic when trying to oust the Franciscans from their monastery, Vajda handles the difficult final scenes with taste and sensitivity. Marcelino goes into the forbidden attic where there is a life-size crucifix, and the little boy becomes friendly with the Man on the Cross. And during the following days, feeling sorry for Him, Marcelino brings Him bread and wine which Our Lord, Himself, accepts as He talks to the boy and promises him whatever he wishes. Needless to say, these scenes present difficult, delicate problems, but they are handled well. The film is not fantasy but realism; and the finale is done with the same straightforward and unaffected fervor that dominates the earlier scenes. Although the finale is intensely moving, it is not sad. Death is just part of living. And "Marcelino" succeeds, as so few films do, in conveying the joy and meaning of life. With its universal appeal, "Marcelino" is itself a joy.

TWO OTHER imports from abroad aim at universality and succeed in varying degrees. The French "If All the Guys in the World" tells the story of a group of fishermen stricken by some dread disease two days off Norway. When their radio transmitter breaks down, their captain, who is a radio "ham," calls for help on his short-wave set and his message is picked up in Togoland where a doctor diagnoses the fishermen's ailment as botulism. The radio "ham" in Togoland is able to make contact with another "ham" in Paris and tell him serum must be rushed to the trawler within twelve hours. The serum lands on a plane to East Berlin, is picked up by an American from West Berlin and is sent to Copenhagen. A Norwegian plane finally gets it to the trawler.

The picture's point about international cooperation is obvious but unobtrusive in this exciting movie. Al-

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though the viewer may get lost from time to time in the complicated story (in each place the characters are developed enough to give them definite personalities with virtues and faults), he will always be kept on edge to help the message and the serum on to its next port of call and finally to its destination. Christian-Jaque directed the large cast (no stars, but most of whom were able to click as real people even in the short footage allowed them) and he collaborated on the script with H. G. Clouzot, who is a master of suspense. Anyone who likes a message about men lending a hand to fellow-men sugar-coated with cinematic thrills should certainly enjoy "If All the Guys in the World."

IN ITS way, another French film, "The Snow Was Black" coats its message (the wages of sin is destruction) but coats it with bitterness. "The Snow Was Black" is based on a psychological shocker by Georges Simenon. Its story concerns a child who discovers his mother is a prostitute and then, as a depraved young man, lives with his mother when she runs a house to entertain officers in this Nazi-occupied country. It is definitely adult stuff. The young man, played to perfection by Daniel Gelin, is cold, amoral and a living reproach to his madame mother. Neither Director Luis Saslavsky nor the scriptwriters make any attempt to spare our feelings, and much of their effect is gained by shocking our sensibilities with subject matter not ordinarily employed by movies. But in the last part of this repelling movie, Frank Friedmaier, the evil young man, tries desperately to redeem himself; and life takes on meaning for him just before it ends. More like a sordid case history than a palatable movie, this could well have been called "The Short Happy Life of Frank Friedmaier." If the film fails to entertain, it does emphasize that vice is unattractive. Always calling a spade a spade, "The Snow Was Black" has a brand of honesty that many a Hollywood movie could well take seriously.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"AMERICA'S FOREIGN POLICY"

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: Harold Hinton, in powerful and fine words that deserve to be reprinted and frequently quoted, says [in "America's Foreign Policy," Oct. 19]:

"More serious, probably, in its impact on our foreign relations than the race question is the lingering suspicion in Asian and African minds that, whenever we are faced with a conflict of interest between a NATO ally and a formerly or presently colonial people, we will tend to prefer the former. . .

"Actually, there is no valid reason whatever why we should uphold a European power against an Asian or African state or people when the latter is in the right. . . . The Western European nations will not go Communist if we oppose certain of their unjustifiable demands; they have no one else on whom to lean but on us. With the Asian nations the case is different; quite apart from the rights and wrongs of any particular issue, they can easily give aid and comfort to our enemies if they become too provoked with us."

That is calling a spade a spade. It is a pleasure to see them in a Europe-oriented magazine like The Commonweal. But in the next breath, exactly two paragraphs later, he makes one's head spin by suggesting the admission of Communist China into the UN. The jump from the preceding paragraphs referred to above is like a comet fall, a light and then a rapidly extinguishing trail into an abysmal non-sequitur.

He states we are made laughing stocks because of opposition to admitting China. This is not true. Asian nations are impressed by this non-recognition. It has doubtless steeled them in resisting Communist blandishments, caused them to take a closer look at Communism's practice lying behind Communism's words. And the independent observations of Asians, as reflected in books and newspapers in many Asian countries, are not complimentary to Communism.

By all means let us help Asian allies, particularly those who have stayed outside the Iron Curtain by their own choice. Some of them have stayed outside the Iron Curtain at considerable sacrifice. Japan, for example. Before the war a large share of Japan's trade was with China. This has now been closed off. This has not been a trade that Japan could take or leave without disastrous consequences. And Japan has suffered through these post-war years, refusing to accept the Communist trade offers. The price Japan has paid is terrible. But Japan is still free. And it is still the United States' and the free world's major bastion against Communism in the Far Pacific, the most highly industrialized nation in Asia and the base for most of our troops, planes, and ships.

Let us help our allies in the Far East and make the free world system work. Communism, with its slave labor, terrorism and destruction of the individual, needs no criticism at this late date. The way to bring about a decent world is . . . to make the free world system work so that the populace of Communist countries may see their system by comparison, overthrow it, and work in the free world for peace and progress among nations.

One other observation: Professor Hinton blames the

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failure in the Korean War on lack of numbers. This is not true. What happened in Korea was that a bunch of green kids were there who had been softened up by the "democratization" in the Army between the wars (resulting in a breakdown in discipline, soft living, etc. . . .) The ones who kept the United States from being pushed off the peninsula and really being made a laughing stock in Asia were the ones who hadn't bought the democratization package between World War II and the Korean War: The U.S. Marines. (This writer, with flu, was in a hospital in Japan with six Marines who had been shot in various parts of the body in Korea; they were men with families, quiet, mature men who very much liked living, men who had two, three and in one case, four Purple Hearts before going into Korea. They were the best). By all means let us trim the numbers, trim the fat, and try to have fewer soldiers, but have the ones that *are* soldiers a real fighting force. . . .

GEORGE P. CARLIN.

MAILING PROJECT

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Would some of your subscribers be interested in remailing their copies of The Commonweal to foreign students? For the last four years my confreres and I have been working with students from the Ryukyu Islands. (The Ryukyu Islands are a chain of islands about 250 miles south of the Japanese mainland.) These students come to the United States to attend various colleges and universities.

Like most foreign students the Ryukyuan students are eager for knowledge. When we began to correspond with them four years ago, many of them asked us to supply them with information on various topics: educational, economic, political, religious, etc. We decided that most of this information could be supplied by having persons remail a few choice magazines to the students.

Over one hundred persons are now remailing their copies of The Commonweal to students in the United States and to former students now in the Ryukyus. We would like to "cover" more of these two hundred and forty students with The Commonweal. Any person interested in remailing his or her copies of the magazine to a student should write to me. I will supply them with directions and the name of a student. The program of remailing is very simple. Each remailer will find it very rewarding.

(*Frater*) BERNARDINE SAGLIMBENI, O.F.M. CAP.
Capuchin Friary,
Garrison, N. Y.

RANDOLPH BOURNE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: It is not normally proper for a publisher to reply to a reviewer. On the other hand it is not normal for a reviewer to attack a publisher. This then is our excuse for this letter.

In his review of *The History of a Literary Radical and Other Papers* by Randolph Bourne [Oct. 19], Henry Popkin devotes his final paragraph to an inventory of the publisher's sins.

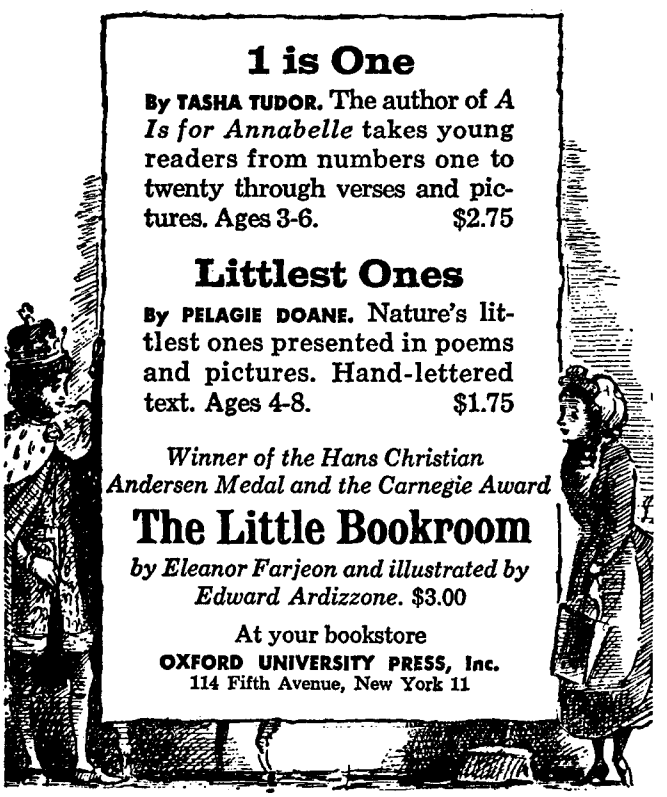
1. He complains that this is not the same book as that issued in 1920; but immediately proceeds to admit that this edition is more representative of Bourne's varied output.

2. This edition does not give much space to Bourne's "literary criticism." Earlier in the review, Mr. Popkin correctly says that Bourne was not concerned with "literary criticism" as such but it is to be found implied and embodied in his "social criticism." There is little "literary criticism" as such.

3. The essays, apart from those dealing with the war directly, are not dated. Bourne wrote from 1912 to 1918. Most of this was a war period; much of his work, if not most of it, was inevitably in the context of war, its intellectual, spiritual and political antecedents and consequences. In a writing career of six short years, it is hardly necessary to demark specific periods. This is especially true of the years 1912-1918.

S. A. RUSSELL

For Christmas Stockings and Reading Fun



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Religious Books for Children

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

THIS FALL'S HARVEST of Children's Books brings many occasions for rejoicing. We may not have as many interesting books pictorially, nor as many scientific books as we have come to expect, but we welcome an abundance of outstanding fiction, many books of poetry and some unusual religious books.

Of these, the last, I believe, are by far the most difficult children's books to write. "When you are writing for children . . . . think your best and write your best," said Anatole France, and that is particularly true in the field of religious books. Indeed, if it is more difficult for an author to hide his true self from himself and others in a children's book than in an adult one, it is well-nigh impossible to do so in a religious book for children. There, willy-nilly, everything stands revealed—the scope of his intellect, the range of his sensitivity, the sincerity and depth of his inner dialogue. A religious book for a child is like a bell ringing and thereby disclosing the beauty and authenticity of its make.

Except for a few notable works, children's religious books have been plagued for many years by sentimentality, misinformation and mediocrity. Often they have suffered at the heavy hand of theologians. This year some religious books show new directions worth examining. Interest in the Old Testament seems to have come to the fore. Maybe it is a reflection of scholarly work going on in many different circles, scientific and religious, here and abroad. It is as if, at long last, the Holy Father's recommendations had sunk in, and the nearly five hundred years of tragic and almost total neglect extended by the majority of Catholics to the basis of Christian revelation had come to an end. As Father Vawter reminds us in his absorbing book, *Path Through Genesis* (Sheed & Ward), "When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones, the restless, misnamed patient Job called, and not in vain, on God to reply to man's perplexity. It is in him and in the unillusioned Coheleth, in the psalmists and the wise of Israel, that we must find the roots of Christian theology." Since this is so, how can we expect to understand, without reading the Old Testament, what the writers of the New Testament intended to convey, they who assumed that their readers were familiar with the Old Testament and referred to it constantly, often without saying that they did so. The earlier we are introduced to the priceless heritage of the Holy Writ of Israel, the better.

AN OUTSTANDING book, one that should provide a fine introduction for children, is *Stories from the Old Testament,* by Piet Worm. (Sheed & Ward. $3.) The book itself is a pleasure to hold and leaf through. There are many exquisite and lively colored illustrations in which the artist has gained much of the gold effect of illuminated manuscripts, always so pleasing to children. Under each picture, the short text, in very legible handscript, has a touch of nearness without ever tampering with the grandeur of the Biblical writing. The author, who narrates the story of Creation, of the flood, of Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, has done not only an artistic piece of work, one of reverence for the old story and one of rare understanding of children's taste, but he has also proven himself a man of keen sensitivity. The book is, for example, free from any pictorial representation of God, and this alone would be reason enough for high praise of a book which, on so many other accounts, deserves to be treasured for years to come by the very young and the never old.

The stories of Creation and of Joseph and of Moses are presented in *Bible Stories* by Jonathan Braddock and Steele Savage. (Simon & Schuster.) The text remains simple, and if the colors are somewhat crude and if the pictures crowd the format, no one should quarrel for forty-nine cents. But at any price, one can and should complain about a pictorial representation of God. Adults making books for children should remember their own difficulty in ridding their minds of the "old-man-with-the-flowing-beard" images, even the Michaelangelo one. To introduce the "old man" when dealing with the story of Moses, as is done in this book, is doubly unfortunate: Exodus 33:20 is emphatic—"Thou canst not see my face; for man shall not see me and live."

This sort of mistake could not occur if writers and illustrators took the trouble of really knowing the people they are portraying. What seems to have happened is that Gentile knowledge of ancient Israel remains often theoretical, a thing of the mind only, so that writers and illustrators let their imaginations run-

Mrs. Bishop is herself a well-known author of children's books. Her most recent is *Happy Christmas!* (Stephen Daye).

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away with their Pagan or their Christian subconscious, or with both. The result can never be a sound introduction to the Old Testament, nor to the background of Jesus.

The first step out of this unintentional but harmful misrepresentation is to open the door wide for greater knowledge and deeper understanding. That is precisely what is done by a small, remarkable book for children of ten and over: *The Great Discovery,* the story of the Dead Sea Scrolls by Azriel Eisenberg, illustrated by Shane Miller. (Abelard-Schuman. $2.50.) The story of the discovery is simply and accurately told in eleven short chapters with plenty of paragraphs and as much lively dialogue as possible. It adheres to facts rigorously and offers no interpretation whatsoever, but at the end the author explains why the discovery is so important to all Bible students, Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. From this modest book about scrolls hidden in a cave for over two thousand years comes a breath of fresh and invigorating air that is not only for children to enjoy. Those students who have not delved into the archeological studies of Dr. Burrows, E. Wilson, Dupont-Sommer or Father de Vaux can read and learn from Mr. Eisenberg's clear, lively and hopeful book.

THE DANGER of misunderstanding what the Hebrews meant has been well pointed out by Daniel-Rops in his adult book on the Old Testament; he warns that we should beware of "hearing with our Christian ears words which, for the Jews, had a completely different implication." Could it be that Daniel-Rops, in at least one instance, has failed to heed his own warning? For he has tolerated a disturbing pictorial representation of God in his *The Book of Books* for children. (Kenedy. $3.75.) The French edition had a similar picture with, in addition, a caption bearing the text of Daniel 7:13: "I beheld therefore in the visions of the night, and lo, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven. And he came even to the Ancient of days; and they presented him before him. And he gave him power and glory and a kingdom." The fact that the American edition leaves out the text does not make the picture any better. In both cases, the "Ancient of days" is seemingly understood as the old-man-with-the-flowing-beard, and not in the sense indicated by Abbé Crampon (to mention at least one reference) as the "One-Beyond-Days." To allow such a pictorial representation of God in a book intended to introduce Catholic children to the Old Testament betrays some slight but basic lack of contact with the subject at hand, no matter if the author is the world-renowned Daniel-Rops, member of the French Academy. If it is an oversight, it can be corrected in the next edition to appear in any language.

Much is good and commendable in this book. The author has a fine sense of the grandeur of Israel, of the uniqueness of its gift to the world and of the distinctive character of its relationship with God. The conversational tone, which remains dignified, should make for easy reading, or for listening in the case of younger children. It is, however, regrettable that the translation does not retain the lilt and the warmth of the French text. It is also unfortunate that the last chapter of the book is included—it introduces a commentary which does not belong to the Old Testament but to the New. This breach in the purpose of the book has the disadvantage of suddenly throwing a different kind of light on everything that preceded, thereby introducing the danger of totally unnecessary and possibly harmful emotional reactions in the reader; and this in spite of the careful wording. Fortunately, Mr. Daniel-Rops has been known in the past to revise later editions of his books. Let us hope he will do so here and remain true to his purpose of introducing children to the Old Testament, leaving them with the feeling expressed in Isaiah 49:6: "I will give you as a light to the Gentiles, that my salvation may extend to the ends of the earth."

The background of early Christianity is the concern of an excellent picture-book written and illustrated by Katharine Woods, *The Twelve Apostles.* (Kenedy. $2.50.) The author's use of both the Gospels and Tradition is alive and distinctive for each of the Apostles both in text and in pictures.

D. McGowan and W. Sydnor in *Traveling the Way* (Seabury. $3.) offer an unusual story which takes place in the first century in Jerusalem. The authors have tried very hard to understand the times and to be fair to the Greek slave, the Jewish family and the followers of "the Way," the early Judeo-Christians. The story remains lively and plausible, though the period is little known. (For children between eight and twelve.)

PICTORIAL representations of Jesus cannot fall under the same kind of ban as do those of God, but have nevertheless long suffered from loathsome sweetness. So it is good to put into the children's hands *Portrait of Jesus,* by Marian King (Lippincott. $2.75.) which shows some of the interpretations of great artists such as El Greco and Rembrandt.

A worthy attempt has been made by the Dominican Sister Mary Jean Dorcy to write about forty-eight of the shrines of the Blessed Virgin, in both the Old and the New World, using tradition and legends and emphasizing the universality of the Motherhood of Mary. (Sheed & Ward. $2.75.) The book should be enjoyed by children of twelve and over.

Of the many books about saints, I would like to draw attention to *Knight of Molokai,* by Eva K. Betz,

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illustrated by June Driscoll. (St. Anthony Press. $2.50.) This is the story of Father Damien and his dedication to lepers at a time when they were treated inhumanly and when no cure existed for their dreadful disease. This well-known story is retold here so simply and forcefully as to be a source of inspiration to children over eleven.

Many Christmas picture books and stories listed below gladden one's heart with a true Christmas joy, all the more so as it appears increasingly difficult to avoid merchandising Christmas even—one regrets to say—in children's books.

All in all, it is an interesting year from a religious point of view. If I have overlooked any good book—and I probably have—I beg to be forgiven; it is wholly unintentional. On the other hand, lack of space, and maybe a grain of forbearance for my fellow writers, may have conspired in certain cases to keep me silent. But whatever the limitations of the books mentioned above, they deserve a hearty welcome, because, in one way or another, more or less successfully, they all show evidence that some people are earnestly groping for a fresh, more accurate, more solid and less sentimental approach to the subject of religion in Children's Books.

A Selected List of Children's Books

by Claire Huchet Bishop

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

A Christmas Story. By Mary Chalmers. Harper. $1.

A tiny picture book with a wee bit of a story, perfect for little children.

The Fairy Doll. By Rumer Godden. Ill. by Adrienne Adams. Viking. $2.50.

Elizabeth was shy and clumsy until the Fairy Doll of the Christmas tree took her in hand. A literary gem with dream-like pictures.

Three Young Kings. By George Sumner Albee. Ill. by Ezra Jack Keats. Watts. $2.75.

What happened one year, in Cardenas, Cuba, when three schoolboys took the part of the Three Wisemen. Picture-story book with far reaching implications.

The Magic Christmas Tree. By Lee Kingman. Ill. by Bettina. Ariel. $2.75.

The real meaning of Christmas, as discovered by two little girls who, unknown to each other, secretly make a crêche and trim a Christmas tree in the forest. A picture-story book.

Christmas on the Mayflower. By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Ill. by Roger Duvoisin. Coward McCann. $2.50.

How the Christmas spirit prevailed in Plymouth though the Pilgrims disapproved of celebrating it. Told and illustrated with the right feeling for the period, the landscape and the people.

One Little Baby; a Christmas counting book. By John Gale Thomas. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1.

A sweet little book for very young children.

Plum Pudding for Christmas. By Virginia Kahl. Scribner. $2.50.

A gay, red, blue and yellow picture book with a ringing rhymed story, perfect for Christmas dinner!

Also recommended:
The First Noel: Animal Songs of the Nativity. Collected by Ada L. F. Snell. Ill. by Sybil Clark Fonda. Bookman. $2.50.

The Golden Book of Christmas. Legends from many lands. By James and Lilian Lewicki. Large format. Simon & Schuster. $1.50.

POETRY, SONGS AND MUSIC

Away We Go! 100 poems for the Very Young. Compiled by Catharine Shaefer McEwen. Ill. by Barbara Cooney. Crowell. $2.50.

A gay, well-edited anthology for little children.

This Way, Delight. A book of poetry for the young. Selected by Herbert Read. Ill. by Juliet Kepes. Pantheon. $3.50.

The distinguished poet and writer has compiled an anthology of some one hundred and twenty-five poems chosen from among great writers and each can be understood within the range of children's experience. The drawings are in keeping with the discriminating choice and with the elegance of the book.

Bronzeville Boys and Girls. By Gwendolyn Brooks. Pictures by Ronni Solbert. Harper. $2.

Wonders and dreams of children set to simple, rhythmical and moving verse.

Littlest Ones. Edited and ill. by Pelagie Doane. Oxford. $1.75.

All about nature's smallest creatures, in verse selected from well-known poets. A delight for young children.

A Cat Came Fiddling, and Other Rhymes of Childhood. Adapted and made into songs by Paul Kapp. Ill. by Irene Haas. Introduction by Burl Ives. Harcourt. $3.

Some familiar and some not so familiar nursery rhymes set to simple and most appropriate music. Felicitous pen drawings.

Golden Slumbers. A selection of lullabies from near and far. Soundbook with high-fidelity record. Book-Records, Inc. $4.95.

An unusual artistic contribution—a short history of lullabies, the melodies of sixteen of them, reproductions of famous paintings, and a long playing record, all in one distinguished album.

ART AND BALLET

Treasures to See. A Museum Picture-Book. By Leonard Weisgard. Harcourt. $3.

Beginners of all ages will never tire of these colorful pages which, together with the intelligent text, constitute a very original and most effective introduction to museum visits.

Goya. By Elizabeth Ripley. With drawings, etchings and paintings by Goya. Oxford, $3.

As outstanding as the biographies of other artists by the same author.

Girl's Book of Ballet. Edited by A. H. Franks. Roy. $3.50.

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Arnold Haskell, Beryl Grey and many other famous people and stars write simply and most interestingly about ballet and ballet training. With music and illustrations of solo dances, a list of ballet terms, and many photographs. This book is a treasure for all ballet-minded children.

PICTURE BOOKS

David's Little Indian. A story by Margaret Wise Brown with pictures by Reny Charlip. Scott. $2.50.

A little Indian "no bigger than a ear of corn" tells a little boy the name which suits each day. Through the particular name, the unique beauty of each moment stands revealed. In words and pictures, this is a precious small book for little children and for all poets.

Babar's Fair. By Laurent de Brunhoff. Translated from the French by Merle Haas. Random House. $3.50.

Thousands of Babar's fans will enjoy these new adventures told in the best tradition of the beloved elephant.

Third Monkey. By Ann Nolan Clark. Ill. by Don Freeman. Viking. $2.50.

How the weakling triumphed and how he stopped trying to be what he was not. All in blank rhythmical verse by a real poet and sung in color by a real artist.

The House of the Four Seasons. By Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $2.50.

What color shall we paint the house? One of the gayest and *most* felicitous books the talented artist has ever done.

The Little Mermaid Who Could not Sing. By Louis Slobodkin. Macmillan. $2.25.

A whimsical story both in text and pictures, with an unexpected ending.

A Friend is "Amie." By Charlotte Steiner. Knopf. $2.25.

Two little girls, one American and one French, find a way of communicating, and by the time the young reader has reached the end of this gay picture book, he too knows many French words.

Mr. Peaceable Paints. By Leonard Weisgard. Scribner. $2.25.

This gives an excellent pictorial idea of the way a small American seaport looked in the early days. And the bit of a plot woven through is pleasing too.

The Little Flower Girl. By Elizabeth Tate. Ill. by Helen Stone. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $2.50.

Every small girl will delight in the story and pictures of Laurie who was flower girl at a wedding.

Anatole. By Eve Titus. Pictures by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey. $2.

Children will want to hear about and look at the French mouse who became the expert cheese-taster in a factory, over and over again.

Little Big-Feather. By Joseph Longstreth. Pictures by Helen Borten. Abelard-Schuman. $2.50.

Full colored pages, a little Indian, and an out-of-the-run story.

Illustration from "I Give You My Colt" (Longmans, Green)

My First Coloring Book. Platt & Munk. $1.

We would like to know the name of the artist who has done these gay, lovable and unpretentious pictures. Little children will love them whether or not they color the other pages.

An ABC of Queer Fish. By William Carmichael. Verses by Alexander D. Dawson. McKay. $2.50.

Sensational fish, all in red and white humorous drawings and with gay captions.

The Little Elephant. By Ylla. Story by Arthur Gregor. Design by Luc Bouchage. Harper. $2.50.

Photographs taken in India before the talented photographer's death. A must for all the lovers of Ylla's previous books.

Animal Tots. By Esse Forrester O'Brien. Steck. $1.50.

Simplicity and a friendly atmosphere abound in these pictures which will be enjoyed even by children who do not care for photographs. Unassuming and natural tone in the short text.

Bennie the Bear Who Grew too Fast. By Beatrice and Ferrin Fraser. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop Lee & Shepard. $2.50.

He outgrew all string instruments until . . . Funny and satisfying to all—especially young string players!

EASY BOOKS

Little Pear and the Rabbits. By Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Ill. by the author. Morrow. $2.50.

Most welcome sequel to the well-loved, twenty-five-year-old first book on the little Chinese boy.

Mr. Hare. Written and ill. by Gardell Dano Christensen. Holt. $2.25.

A warm-hearted and delightful modern version of Aesop's fable, The Hare and the Tortoise.

Fun for Chris. By Blossom E. Randall. Pictures by Young Smith. Whitman. $1.75.

Two pre-school neighbors, one colored and one white, become friends. Desegregation in miniature.

John Billington, Friend of Squanto. By Clyde Robert Bulla. Ill. by Peter Burchard. Crowell. $2.75.

Exciting story based on historical facts of the friendship of Squanto the Indian and a young boy of the Mayflower.

Pelican Prill. By Gloria Borsyth. Ill. by Robert Henneberger. Dutton. $2.50.

Unassuming and pleasing story of a little girl's growth through caring for a pelican.

Princess of Maryland. By Nan Hayden Agle. Ill. by Aaron Sopher. Scribner. $2.50.

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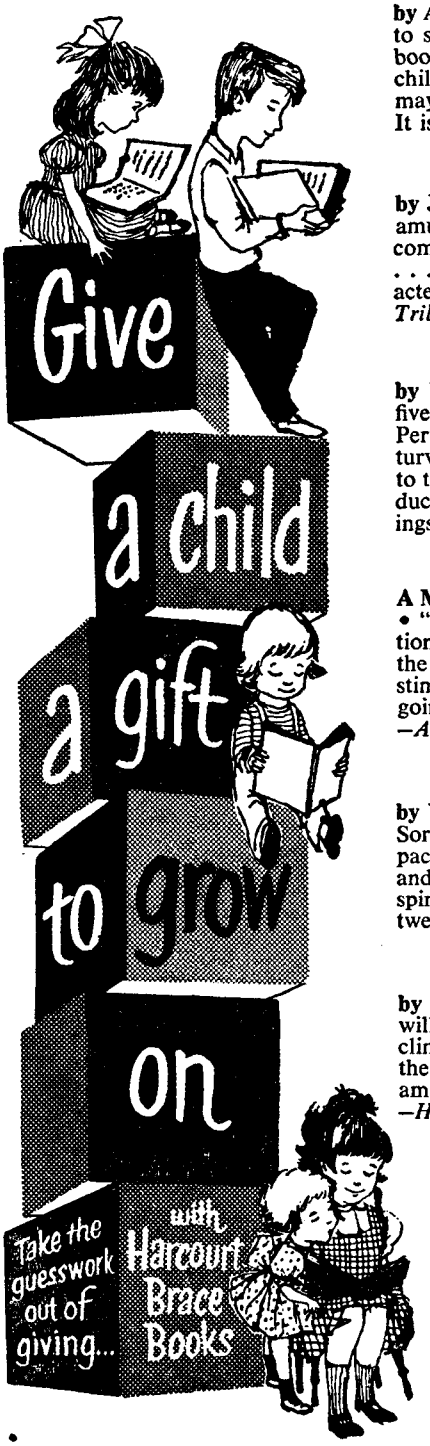

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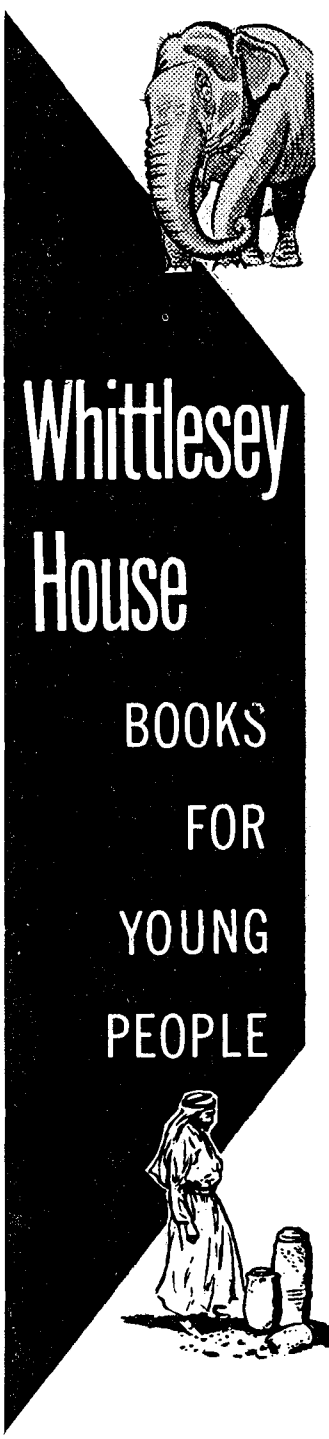

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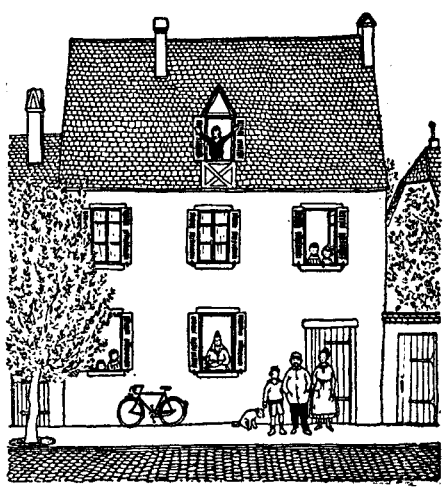

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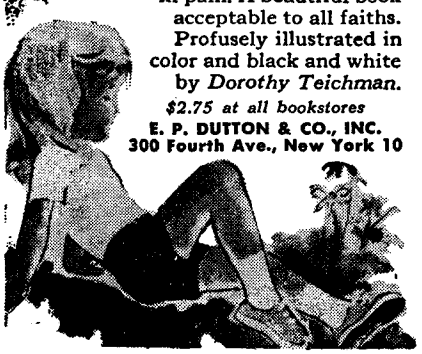

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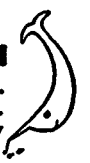

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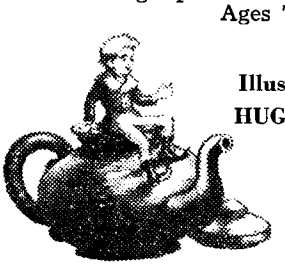

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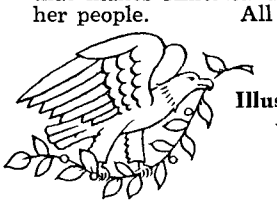

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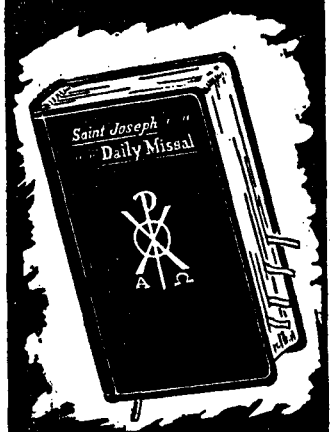

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